

JOYAL CANDIDACY:

MAGS GET HEAD HACK

by Harold Koblin

Serge Joyal, federal MP for Maisonneuve-Rosemont, yesterday announced his intention to seek nomination as the Municipal Action Group's (MAG) mayoral candidate. The announcement ended weeks of speculation regarding Joyal's future vis-a-vis municipal politics.

Joyal, best known for his support of les Gens de l'Air, announced his intention to leave federal politics in order to concentrate all his "time and energy" on Montreal municipal affairs. He said that he would maintain this involvement regardless of the outcome of the November election.



Joyal:

No bucks from above?

He said that his first priority as Mayor of Montreal would be to put a stop to rising municipal taxes by ending the financial abuses that the city has suffered under the rule of the Drapeau régime.

Denying that he had any

special connection with the Liberal Party, Joyal stated that "No municipal party should get any endorsement or aid from any parties at the provincial or federal level." He also promised that if elected he would take an active role in the unity debate in order to assure that any rearrangement in power sharing is made to the benefit of the people of Montreal.

He appeared to be fairly confident of his chances to defeat Drapeau in an election campaign. He said that reports of Drapeau's status as "a Montreal institution" have been grossly exaggerated, adding only 23% of all registered municipal voters cast their votes in favor of him in the last municipal election.

Claiming that "the monument has a weak basis—not even one quarter of the vote," he said that "If there is an alternative for the electorate to vote for, and if they have an incentive, then there is a possibility to shift the vote." Joyal noted that "historically" less than 35% of Montrealers have bothered to vote in municipal elections, and added that if greater numbers of voters could be persuaded to exercise their right to vote there was a good possibility of MAG winning the next election.

Joyal said that the recent revision of the electoral map into four districts has placed the MAG candidates "on the same footing as the candidates of the Civic Party or MCM." He said the next election would consist of a fight of organizations, not just of individual reputations. "Drapeau," he noted, "had in a sense been made by a lack of a credible alternative, a role which MAG will serve in the upcoming election."

Postal dispute:

Trudeau ruffles Parrot's feathers

By Andrew Porter and Rick Boychuk

In a statement issued yesterday by the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW), President Jean-Claude Parrot accused the federal government of wasting taxpayer funds on information sessions designed to undermine union credibility.

According to Parrot, "The Post Office is obligating each of its 25,000 Postal workers across the country to spend an hour of working attending an information session." The federal government is also

denying union representatives the right to provide information to Postal employees during meal times and breaks. Parrot added, "It is impossible to calculate the cost involved in such a senseless adventure. Every cost evaluation should include the time paid to workers, salaries paid to the coordinators, and costs of printing documented propaganda."

CUPW is planning a series of rotating walkouts beginning Friday. The Liberal Government's replay to the strike threat was elaborated by PM

Trudeau at a press conference where he assured reporters that he would not hesitate to introduce back-to-work legislation. Trudeau also suggested the overriding priority in the dispute is that all social security and unemployment insurance cheques continue to be delivered. Union spokespersons said the rotating strikes were a tactical response to this concern.

In the communiqué Parrot further accused the Government of strike-breaking tactics while both sides awaited a conciliation report.

and make McGill a decent university to enjoy."

Over 135 clubs and organizations participated in the evening, designed to introduce students to McGill. Political, religious, athletic and students' groups filled all floors of the Union.

The functional groups opened their basement doors to new recruits. Old McGill Editor Rick Matthew was pleased with the number of people who expressed interest in working on the yearbook staff. "Old McGill is finally

being recognized as the university's yearbook, and with the help of the people who signed up last night, we should have a memorable book ready by graduation."

Weber hopes the groups did more than recruit members, however. "I think they had a great chance to exchange ideas, working together like that."

Besides the displays, a number of performances were staged. The Savoy Society performed selections from Gilbert and Sullivan and the Players Club acted out scenes from Neil Simon's "Plaza Suite". Students were entertained by a number of dancers ranging from a bellydancer to an animated Armenian folk number.

Other attractions included a series of shorts from the National Film Board, movies of McGill, separate slide shows by the Anthropology Students' Association and the Camera Club, a fencing exhibition, and a demonstration of wall climbing by members of the Outing Club.

"All the feedback has been positive," Weber concluded. "Now that students have seen what can be done, they may have the impetus to keep the year going. This was the boost everyone needed."

Montreal

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The McGill Daily

Canada's Only Students' Daily



Student groups, pamphlet-pushers, rock singers and Armenian dancers turned the Student Union into a zoo last night. The first Activities Night in eight years turned out to be a smashing success in every way.

Activities Night:

An astounding success

by Liam Logue

Hundreds of students packed the Union building last night to sample the non-academic side of McGill during the first activities night of recent history.

"I didn't believe it would be so good," said Karen Weber, Activities Night organizer. I had a dream and I saw it come true. Every group put a lot of work into its display and the end result was a four-floor circus."

According to Weber, the success of the event shows that McGill is really a community. "We can work together

Parrot reasoned that the Government is negligent in not honouring its responsibilities toward workers and the public in the round of collective bargaining and that it hopes to cover up these errors through massive propaganda.

In conclusion the President of CUPW noted that the Postal Workers' Union has not made any previous statements concerning the pending strike due to strategy imperatives necessary to mould union solidarity under repeated government assaults.

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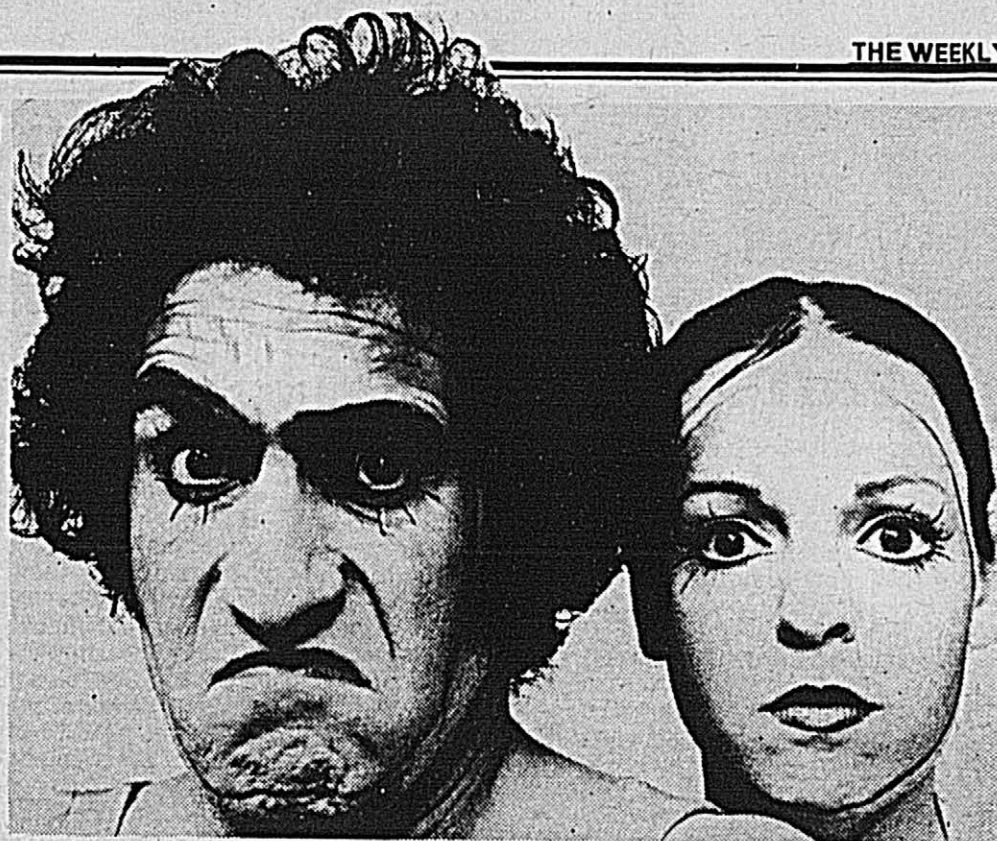
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Nightpiece Shines

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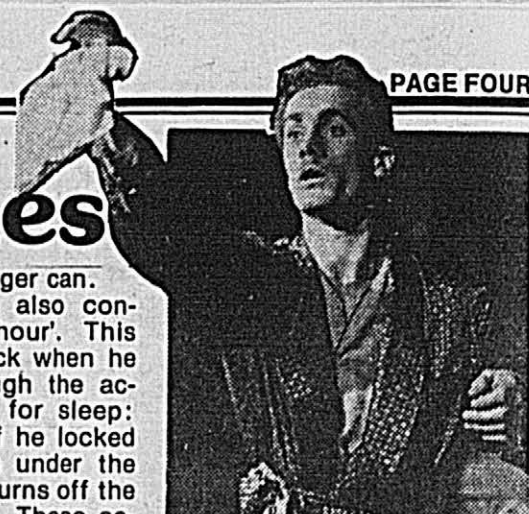


photo by Susan Jarolim

Curzon Dobell in *Night Piece*.

in which he participates and yet has no part.

Hence, the play centers around the loneliness and futility of an old man who lives in nothing more than guilt and confusion from his past. The plot may seem heavy, but it is one that will catch the audience's interest.

Although there are only two characters in this play, these are so strong that there is no need for a large cast.

For a second-year student-run organization, Tuesday Night Café has presented an excellent theatrical performance that should be seen.

Night Piece runs through tonight in Morrice Hall, B106. Starting time is 8:30 and admission is \$1.00. Refreshments are available.

by Carleen Carroll

A definite must-see performance is *Night Piece* written by Wolfgang Hilderscheimer and presented by the Tuesday Night Café. It is a very sensitive and dramatic play with superb set design lighting, directing, but most of all the acting is what makes this play.

The theme centers on a conflict that many people are confronted with—the loss of contact with reality. Curzon Dobell portrays a paranoid, failing old man whose only source of relief is to reach sleep through a wardrobe full of many kinds of sleeping pills. One of the most comic yet touching scenes of the play occurs when we see him choosing each bottle of pills carefully, reading their names, yet consciously knowing that the pills that once put

him to sleep no longer can.

The old man is also concerned with his 'hour'. This begins at ten o'clock when he begins going through the actions of preparing for sleep: he checks to see if he locked the door, he looks under the bed with a gun, he turns off the bathroom light, etc. These actions become repetitive since he suffers from memory losses and is always checking to see if he has completed his ritual. Obviously he has not, for the burglar emerges from beneath the bed.

The burglar, played by Peter Grossman is an evil, leering character who becomes a witness to the old man's rampage. He is subjected to many of the guilt feelings the old man has felt in his life, such as sexual guilt, obsession and fright. But most of all the old man relays his feelings of uselessness when he recalls the phone calls

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McGill: Multiversity?

by Peter Elsworth

It is the nature of human beings to seek harmony; harmony with themselves and with their fellow men. At the same time, our efforts to achieve this harmony being heterogeneous, can, and often do, lead to conflict both within ourselves and with our fellows. Such an understanding renders the life of each one of us a plight rather than a dream, and is itself consciously open to attack. However, any attempt to understand and interpret a given type of human activity such as the life here at McGill, should begin by confessing to the prejudicial handicaps inherent to that endeavour.

Student life at this university for the past six or seven years has not been harmonious. This state of affairs is not particular to McGill. The eruption of cultural activity in North America in the late sixties continued to exert its influence well into the seventies, the lives of young people being particularly, but not exclusively, affected. The questions asked during that time, the experiments undertaken, indeed the entire fabric of that colorful and vibrant counter-culture together with the all-dominant disaster of the war in Vietnam, served to sow the seeds of doubt in a culture that had grown complacent through the arrogance that all too often comes of undisputed power.

The immediate influence was as poetically powerful as the famous flower placed in the barrel of a National guardsman's rifle in the U.S. It was a counter-culture in a very literal sense. Its future was 'the vision of the New Age of Aquarius', and visions need a great deal of sustenance if they are to retain their purity of purpose.

Consequently, as the immediate hope and energy fragmented either into bureaucratic, albeit democratic, committee work, or was coopted into the ubiquitous consumerism, or soured into cynical hedonism, so the life at those institutions founded upon the culturation of society's youth became confused. At McGill, which was burdened in addition with the very particular pressure of being the traditional "bastion of English Canadian culture", the institution suffered when forced into an increased awareness of the changing nature of Quebecois national identity, and student life degenerated into outright cynicism, alienation and corruption. In the '75-76 academic year all pretense of an autonomous Students' Society collapsed under the weight of incompetence and putrefaction, and in the fall semester of 1976 the University felt obliged to bring in a trouble-shooter in the person of G. Sam Kingdon as Acting Executive Director. Under his controlled guidance, the 1976-77 academic year, although generally lean and lacklustre, served to prune back the spreading decay resulting in the renewed life witnessed last year. Although this was apparent in all areas of student life from increased attendance at sporting events, to the popularity of Gertrude's and the number of social events held at the student centre during the year, the most powerful indication was the unqualified success of the Red and White Revue.

Although the quality of the social life

at a university is a vital aspect of its 'life', and student life here at McGill shows every sign of increasing health, the point of any university is academic. McGill has the dubious reputation of being the "Harvard of Canada". If we are to understand by this that McGill offers the best education in Canada, both morally and intellectually, then the reputation must be open to debate. In other words, to what extent does Harvard offer that education implied in the myth of 'grey, ivy-covered walls, and stately trees', for surely university education in general, particularly in North America, has been influenced by the changing nature of modern industrial society. Where once a university educated man or woman was by defini-

tion in time, the privacy of the old campus has long since gone as the city has encroached upon the surrounding land. Where once students could roam in the expanse of a private park, the area is now fractured, by day by a constant flow of traffic, and by night by the regular Montreal sport of racing through the chicane that runs from the Roddick to the East gates. Perhaps we can one day look forward to a time when all traffic is prevented from wandering through that area, let alone using it as a race track, an action that could only enhance student life here.

However, there can be no question that the long term future of McGill University as an International Insti-



photo by Henry de Cuyper Cadmus

tion consciously educated in the moral virtues, the B.A. B.Sc. degree seems to increasingly be becoming a mere specialist label constituting bureaucratic or technological skill, rather than moral character. In short it has become suburbanised, promoting the greatest of all modern virtues, mediocrity; the rule, now reversed, is that of our consumer society's handmaiden, the statistician's mean, reflecting the all too often capricious habits of the majority.

To bemoan this change, yearning either for some old order, complete with the 'rah! rah!' spirit, or some Marxist 'scientific dream', or again, some L.S.D. socialism of neoplatonic measure, is futile. Modern industrial society is now dependent upon technology so complex and interdependent that, to all intents and purposes, universities offer multiversal education rather than a universal one.

The fact remains, however, that McGill offers as good an academic education as can be found anywhere in North America. It demands a high level of competence from the students, and in placing emphasis upon both individual effort and abhorrence of the cheat, the traditional virtues of courage and honesty are indirectly imparted. At the same time, whilst the lower campus continues to exert a gentle influence upon the senses as well as an education

tution is at the present time open to warranted debate. The question is not as sensational as some Toronto Journalists would like us to believe for, in a sense, one of McGill's saving graces is located in a very particular city. Toronto by comparison, is one of the duller suburbs in the world. Perhaps the difference is demonstrated by the recent agreement by the city council in Montreal to serve as one of the cities on the World Grand Prix circuit. Although Toronto was first offered the opportunity to host this race, it turned it down on the sensible grounds that it would be noisy, evil smelling and a blight to the atmosphere. Montreal, however, did not allow these considerations to outweigh the simple fact that hosting a Grand Prix in a city makes for one of the most exciting weeks in a year.

Despite this happy situation, the uncertainty over the Canadian federation has particular import for McGill University. The real danger is that it will become increasingly parochial. The implementation of differential fees may serve towards this end, but it is doubtful. Compared with comparable universities in the U.S., tuition costs at McGill still remain extremely low.

The more serious problem is that McGill is very much an Anglophone institution, and at the present time the Quebecois separatist movement is so potent and the English Canadian

response so impotent, the match is embarrassing to watch. One looks in desperation for the voice of English Canada. Of the three main voices engaged in the debate, Pierre Trudeau, René Levesque and Claude Ryan are all French Canadians. Joe Clarke, as the leader of the federal opposition, by comparison with these flamboyant political figures, has the dubious distinction of having one of the consistently lowest political profiles of any leading politician in the world today.

The debate itself is, in a sense, characteristically Canadian. On one side, the descendants of the colorful and intrepid voyageurs concerned uncompromisingly with their protected and consequently rich culture, and on the other, the descendants of the dour bankers and merchants, culturally compromised to the Babylon to the South through their economic concerns. Just as the United States itself, in a way, is characterised by a series of debates, between different geographical regions, (one of which at one time threatened to divide the union), so too, this present debate in Canada is a striking feature of its culture as a whole.

Of one fact, there can be little doubt. Quebec, whether as a province or as a nation state, will become increasingly unilingual. At the same time, it would hardly be in the interests of the Quebecois culture to sever all ties with the powerful Anglophone community on this continent. On the contrary it would be very much in its interest to maintain institutions such as McGill to serve as vital links to that world. If the change will require a greater appreciation of the enormously rich Quebecois culture that surrounds us, then it is surely long overdue. It is easy to forget that there are few nations in the world where it is possible to find the entire vocabulary of another language plastered on every product available in the markets. Under such circumstances any excuses not to understand the French language here in Quebec admits of a curiosity bordering on the soporific. Certainly it is just that sort of wilful ignorance that the Parti Quebecois seeks to obliterate, and rightly so.

Whether or not Quebec will secede from the Canadian federation is, of course, the \$64,000 question, and so it will probably remain for some time to come. However, to venture any 'firm predictions' on that central issue would be pure foolishness.

That the character of McGill University will change is beyond dispute. It is, after all, a living institution, and has been changing for over 150 years. In the end, perhaps, it will be the diverse character of the City of Montreal that will save McGill from becoming overly parochial. For this city can leave only the most hardened urbophobe unmoved, and will consequently continue to attract the quality of scholarship McGill has built its reputation upon.

And then there is the consideration of time. For, as the chairman of one of the departments here at McGill once said; "it is the advantage of old institutions, that if they sink they sink very slowly." McGill is very much an old institution, and there is no real reason why it should sink at all."

Reprinted from Old McGill '78.

MUSIC

Summer Sounds '78

By Harvey Kader and Ron Wigdor

This past summer, record sales increased incredibly from those of the summers of '77 or '76. Certainly, one reason is the near simultaneous releases by the Stones, Dylan, and Springsteen. Some Girls is the Stones at their best since '72, while Dylan's Street Legal is perhaps his best since the 1968 release of Blonde on Blonde. Springsteen, after contract hassles and personal disagreements with his manager, has shown he's closer than ever to replacing Elvis as King of Rock. Darkness on the Edge of Town has two sides of streetwise songs, some filled with tenderness, some tears.

CONCERTS

The most publicized event of the summer was the return of the rock festival where North Americans gathered in vast droves for weekend-long festivities. The California, Texas, and Canada Jams attracted such heavy-duty acts as Aerosmith, Mahogany Rush, and Ted Nugent who drained their amps to the sheer delight of 250,000 plus ecstatic fans. The huge success of the '78 affairs makes it highly probable that promoters will attempt the same sort of setup in coming years.

Electric Light Orchestra, the band which brought us Out of the Blue last fall went on a continent-wide tour via the "Big Night" billing. Complete with a stage-long laser-filled spaceship positioned overhead, the entourage played before packed houses in every major American and Canadian

city. The group's final landing will be a two night stint September 30 and October 1 at the Montreal Forum. People say it's a spectacle not to be missed but we'll just have to wait and see.

The five man outfit from Chicago known as Styx were in town Labour Day weekend for a two concert performance at Place des Nations. One of the main objectives of the group's quick return to Montreal was to hype their new release, Pieces of Eight, an excellent follow-up to last year's successful The Grand Illusion.

MOVIES

Rock 'n' Roll in film hit its peak this past summer as Hollywood dumped on the public nothing but musical nostalgia. Robert Stigwood reached unprecedented heights with the releases of Grease and Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. Musically, the former contained mainly cover versions from the original compositions, namely "You're the One That I Want" by John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, ONJ's "Hopelessly Devoted to You" and the title cut sung by Frankie Valli.

Sgt. Pepper was a musical disaster as well as just one big insult to the Beatles. Alice Cooper's "Because", Aerosmith's "Come Together", the Bee Gees' "A Day in the Life", were by far the most enjoyable number on the sound track. Although George Martin, the Beatles' famed producer, was called upon for his expertise in the hope of recapturing the style of the Fab Four, he cannot be blamed for the

overall poor musical quality.

By far, the best rock movie of the last few months was The Buddy Holly Story. Different from the other three because it did not attempt to vacuum up everyone's last dollar, the film gave an excellent portrayal of the late great '50s musician. Gary Busey in the title role delivers a moving performance which traces Holly's beginnings in Lubbock, Texas, to his highly acclaimed appearance at New York's Apollo Theatre and subsequently to Holly's tragic death at 22 in a plane crash. Accompanied by the Crickets, Busey often sounds like Holly as he rambles through the classic tunes "That'll Be The Day", "Maybe Baby", and "It's So Easy".

DISC PICKS

The cult status of the Kinks appears to have vanished. Misfits, the Davies boys follow-up to last year's Sleepwalker has a collection of bouncy tunes that just had to catch on. "Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy", "Hay Fever", and "Permanent Waves" reaffirms this long-standing group as one of the leaders in contemporary music.

Boston's "Don't Look Back" emulates last year's seven million record sales bonanza, with each new track corresponding to one from their first LP. The title cut, like its predecessor "Long Time" is a slick rocking number while "It's Easy" and "A Man I'll Never Be" contain moments of both a fast and slow tempo, last heard in "More Than A Feeling". With the diehard fanatics drooling over the disc, another Boston platinum should be easily attained.

Still in her teens, Kate Bush has combined her contralto singing style with a witty lyrical presence in the production of The Kick Inside. "Wuthering Heights", complete with Heathcliff and Cathy, has caught the imagination of the rock audiences throughout England and, this summer, here in Montreal. "Moving", "Kite" and "Them Heave People" are the LP's strongest numbers. With production help from Andrew Powell (Parsons Project) and David Gilmour (Pink Floyd), Bush has put together a remarkable debut album. In late fall Harvest Records will be distributing the follow-up effort by this very talented woman.

The Allan Parsons Project, so successful with I Robot last year, has come up with another concept album, this time based on the pseudoscience of pyramid power. The record is, however, a pseudosuccess as the theme doesn't carry well on vinyl. Only "Pyramania", ("And the Mayan panoramas on my pyramid pajamas haven't helped my little problem") and the Tangerine Dream influenced "Hyper Gamma Spaces" merit mention. Pyramid is attractively packaged, in an evident attempt at covering up the disappointing performance from the heretofore talented people of the Parsons Project.

Kaya, Bob Marley and the Wailers latest collection of ganja-flecked melodies takes up where Exodus left off. After his highly acclaimed performance at the Forum this past June, this rastaman claimed he had enough material in the can for thirty more future releases. Who says kaya dulls de mind? The album is divided into equal sides of love and dread. The first side is centred on the easy lifestyle of lovemaking in the heat of Jamaica. "Is Dis Love" romantically assures lovers that "Jah provide the bread, take a lift, get up and turn I loose".

This escapist abandon is countered by the flip side which reminds us of the injustices of the world, of Shantytown and of the ways of the Baldheads (those not of the Rasta faith). Marley warns, "Time alone, oh time will tell Think you're in Heaven, but you living in Hell."

Reggae music gained much of its following due to its political orientation, seen by their influence on England's new wave, and this latest recording by the world's greatest third world band lets no one down.



Dylan I

by Apuleius

Unknown to the surrounding McGill students, Bob Dylan, once a campus idol, slept in the ghetto while in Montreal this week—at Loew's La Cité Hotel.

The musicians had arrived at the Forum around 8 on Tuesday morning in a variety of buses that followed evasive patterns and sported such signs as Qunexions, God is my Co-Pilot, Peter Pan and O.D Anderson, and Everywhere.

A couple of rock and roll veterans, including bass player Jerry Scheff who once worked with Elvis, spent a relaxing morning watching the Canadiens practice, while the electricity that always accompanies Dylan's appearances began to build outside.

By 5:30 in the afternoon the sound check was underway and scalpers had begun to

Amid all the frantic attempts at emulating heavy metal bands by up and coming musicians down south one bright star shines through the haze. George Thorogood and the Delaware Destroyers first came to the attention of this city's rock'n'roll masses through the FM coverage of their version of John Lee Hooker's "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer". The characteristic slipping and sliding guitar work by Thorogood immediately draws one attention.

At a live performance at the El Casino last July, this raunch'n'blues outfit instilled a manic state on the overheated crowd. Thorogood shuffled across the stage in the style of Buddy Holly, and received similar ovations as the



Electric Light Orchestra (left to right): Richard Tandy, Bev Bevan, Kelly Groucutt, Jeff Lynne, Mel Gayler, Mik Kaminski, and Hugh McDowell.



photo by Susan Jarolim

Dylan: Forever Young

by J.J. Flash

Last Tuesday night, at a packed Montreal Forum, a forever-young Robert Allen Zimmerman did it again.

Playing with the confidence of a man shifting back into musical gear, the old dog showed 18,000 surprised fans some new tricks. In a word, the concert was great. From the opening moments as he waltzed in to the gentle strumming of "My Back Pages" and then rocked into Muddy Waters' classic "I'm Ready", Dylan was alive and animated. He was certainly ready for us, but I doubt if we were all ready for him.

Dressed in leathers and scarves, somewhat reminiscent of sixties rockers, the man switched styles, songs and moods masterfully. With him every step of the way was a very tight if sometimes bulky twelve-member entourage. This tour, the third in five years, shows Dylan acknowledging all he's done, and some things he hasn't, to create a flowing, driving sound that he makes his own. The "new" sound is a lush mélange of sultriness (violin, mandolin and saxophone) and angelic harmony backed by the consistent rhythmic beat of keyboards, four guitars and steading drumming.

Older numbers like "Ballad of

a Thin Man", "Maggie's Farm" and "It's All Over Now Baby Blue" had a fresh verve. The harmonies of Helena Springs, Carolyn Dennis and Jo Ann Harris lent a haunting quality to pieces like "Just Like A Woman" and "Like a Rolling Stone".

Dylan used the band's potential tastefully, and was superb as he romantically sang "Tangled Up in Blue" to the mellow strumming of his own guitar, as Steve Douglas blew a lilting, sexy sax. This was a show stealer, as Dylan sang throatily, sounding almost like Bruce Springsteen.

Dylan left the stage to the strains of "Going, Going, Gone" and after a short buzzing intermission, stormed back with "All Along the Watchtower". Despite the Forum's acoustics (or lack thereof), and despite the band's size, the music was cohesive and clear.

Young new faces like Billy "Gatemouth" Crozo on lead guitar, David Mansfield on mandolin and violin and Ellen Pasquale worked hard and combined smoothly with veterans like Jerry Scheff on bass and a happy Steven Sales on rhythm guitar. These are the same people who played on *Street Legal*, but their sound has gelled beautifully since the recording of the album.

They played enthusiastically, and anyone who heard Dylan in 1965 or even in 1974 with the Band, knows the edge that a "hard" sound gives to the lyrics. The combination gives Dylan's words a rock poetry quality and a relevance some thought they'd lost.

His phrasing has reached new heights, and he is a more polished showman than ever, to the point where it's almost formulaic. The passive participant's role of *The Rolling Thunder Review* is gone, and there is no doubt as to who's centre stage. But Dylan is friendly and talkative, not like the sombre dark-shaded "stage fright" of the '74 Band Tour.

Some of the older pieces sounded strangely stylized but most were pleasant surprises. Imagine a rocked-up "Masters of War" or a dramatic beefy "It's Alright Ma". His "folk" songs were few but lovely as he strummed through "It Aint Me, Babe" and "Blowin' in the Wind", the latter sounding shiveringly topical in conjunction with the harmonies.

Like a boxer named Ali, Dylan at 37 still has a powerful magic and has wasted away many of the doubts about his effectiveness.

In The Ghetto

appear outside the Forum, offering tickets at up to \$30 apiece. Hangers-on, guards and would-be journalists thickened around the gates.

The musicians ate dinner inside.

After a show that began at 8:15 and unraveled with military precision, the group returned to La Cité, not for a wild bash but a little quiet drinking and conversation.

Asked to describe Dylan, Scheff said, "Bob to me is a goat. Also he's learning to like good old wine. That's really what he's like."

Future recording sessions, it was suggested may include a stint at Bill Szymczyk's Coconut Grove studio after the tour ends in Miami. As for the possibility of Dylan's playing Las Vegas, Scheff added, "No way. There's no way."

Reviews so far for the tour,

and the *Street Legal* album which features the same band, have been "one way or the other."

What did the fans think at the Forum? One gray haired lady was boogying and yelling. She punched me in the crotch and said "I'm sixty-eight and I love him. Do you love him?" An Italian gentleman who clutched his souvenir program as though it was a score, walked over and said "Noise. Noise. Too much noise. With a poet text is important." Most people screamed at the end of each song.

Note: The author wishes me to report that he had to, in *The Band's* words, "lie and cheat/lie and cheat and stamp on people's feet" in order to obtain the material contained herein. He wants also, rather unconvincingly I am afraid, to apologize for his behaviour.

legendary pioneer in rock did, twenty years past.

"Delaware Slide" the last cut on the album is a 7:45 rip roaring slide jam unsurpassed on disc. The production on this debut LP is not sharp and most of the recording was done in the absence of remixing, but somehow these drawbacks actually do more good than harm by combining the electric vitality of Thorogood live, with the recording capabilities of the studio.

Another important release was *Octave*, the original *Moody Blues* eighth album, their first all new studio recording since 1972. After that long an absence no one knew if the *Moodies* could put it back together again. As frontrunners in the British progressive rock movement of the mid sixties,

the group is still best known for its classic hits, "Nights In White Satin", "Tuesday Afternoon" and innumerable others.

On *Octave* the music is not far removed from their previous works, maybe a slight bit mellower, a slight less innovative than their legendary *Lost Chord* album way back in the flower power days.

John Lodge's "Steppin' in a Slide Zone" opens the effort much as "Ride My See Saw" did on *On the Threshold of A Dream*. Justin Hayward's "Driftwood" reminds one of "The Story In Your Eyes" from *Childrens Childrens Children*. Although in 1978 the *Moody Blues* are no longer on top of innovative rock pile, their new collaboration of songs, succeeds on its own merit.

Old Rockstars Never Die

by Alastair Sutherland

Once upon a time the *Edge-water Inn* was a well known musical hot spot. Local and out-of-town bands would jump at the chance to play at this Pointe Claire locale.

These days the *Edge* is a smorgasbord of drinking establishments. If nubile young *Beaconsfield* nymphs trigger your tastebuds then the *Transit Disco* is for you. If, however, the array of ceiling lights remind you more of a planetarium than a place where you would like to get drunk, simply step next door to the *Body Shop*, a moderately sleazy strip bar, or the *Pub*, where drunks play darts and occasionally hit the board.

Suppose, though, that you are armed with four free tickets to see *Instant Love* and the *Best of the Drifters*. Then you merely march upstairs to the classier part of the hotel and have a seat beside the rest of the 35-year-old housewives who are ready to relive the songs they grew up with.

You might (I don't) remember the *Drifters* from the fifties and

early sixties. They were a New York rhythm and blues group who had a knack for performing catchy, sentimental pop tunes. "Under the Boardwalk" and "On Broadway" were among their original hits. They inspired a whole slew of imitators and offered inspiration to all the underprivileged black youths who couldn't play basketball.

So where are they today, you might ask? Well, last Thursday night a crowd of about 150 people got to feast their eyes on Don Thomas, or D.T., who was the only original *Drifter* present. He and three other singers ran through many of the *Drifters* standards. A rock combo provided the backup music, which is both cheaper and more appalling than the strings and horns that clutter up many of the *Drifters* albums.

Colour-coordinated suits and synchronized dancing were the order of the night. There were a few up-tempo rock numbers, but the crowd seemed happiest when they could lap up the slick tearjerkers that D.T. specialized in.

Instant Love, who opened the

show, have supposedly been "stopping all shows in New York with standing ovations and are bound for superstardom." If performing soulful versions of "How Deep Is Your Love" is the pathway to fame and fortune then look out for *Instant Love*, world.

Comedy before and between acts was provided by one Seaborn Westbrooke, whose best gag was "Laugh it up and you'll get a free box of tampons, no strings attached." Certainly he too is bound for superstardom; that is if the *Plumbers Pot* doesn't get hold of him first.

The show concluded with both groups participating in a lively sing-and-dance-along but at this point my friends and I were heading for the exit. The entire affair wasn't exactly my cup of tea, but then I'm not pushing forty. If someone and his wife are missing that certain spark and lush *Drifters* melodies help rekindle the romantic flame, who am I to argue? I mean they were at least twice as sexy as the *Tonight Show*.

Let Me

by Gail Heimann

Alicia Gonzalez, who is in Montreal to promote her new film, appeared at the door of her hotel suite in a pale pink lounging pyjama, befitting a starlet. "In New York it's very fashionable to entertain in lingerie," she explained. Her lacquered nails and the silver earrings which glinted from underneath her dark, close cropped hair complemented the silken ensemble.

Ten years ago she wore only loose fitting clothes from the Salvation Army in an effort to conceal her then abnormally feminine figure. Alicia Gonzalez was born a male.

In 1973 Miss Gonzalez underwent a sex change operation. She tells her story in "Let Me Die a Woman", which opens at the Cinéma de Paris today. The film is a semi-documentary which deals with both the physical and emotional ramifications of transsexualism.

"I've always known I was a woman," Miss Gonzalez said, "Nobody understood. The first psychiatrist I went to told me he'd have me 'screwing women in no time.' He wouldn't believe that I wasn't a homosexual."

Her parents, who are devout Pentacostalists, couldn't accept her. "They thought I was born out of the sin of man, that I was possessed by demons. They would look at me and say, 'look what has come to us, we must repent.'"

Still Miss Gonzalez has not lost her faith in God. "God is above all. He is always first." God, she feels, loved and protected her during the difficult first twenty years of her



Photo by Henry de Cuyper Cadmus

"I'd like to get married and raise cats and dogs," says Alicia Gonzalez, star of the movie Let Me Die a Woman.

life, and then guided her towards a solution. "No matter what has happened to me, my soul has never changed."

At the age of twelve, Gonzalez began to develop breasts and was ridiculed at school. "I looked very feminine. When I went with the other boys for a

physical exam, the doctor looked at me and told me I was in the wrong place." She left the sixth grade and never went back to school.

Gonzalez spent the next ten years in seclusion in her parents' home in Springfield, Massachusetts. "My brothers

Die A Woman

and sisters laughed at me, and when I went outside people whistled." She never had any friends, and never confided to anyone the emotional side of her problem.

Gonzalez tried to commit suicide on two separate occasions before she became aware of the possibility for transsexual change.

"I was watching the 'Mike Douglas Show'. Christine Jorgenson came on and told about the operation she'd had to make her a woman. I thought, God, it can't be. I bought her book. That was the first time my life started getting together. I had every reason to live."

Gonzalez approached the Erikson Foundation, a division of Johns Hopkins University, in New York, about having the operation performed. "They thought I was a good candidate, and wanted to help, but the operation cost \$4,000."

Miss Gonzalez had to find work. She moved to New York City where she worked as a woman, while receiving psychiatric counselling and hormone treatments.

She was fired from her first job as a restaurant hostess because she would not go to bed with her supervisor. "He just wanted to lay me. Obviously I couldn't do that, so he got rid of me."

Five years ago, Miss Gonzalez had the intricate surgery which involves removing the testicles and fashioning a

vagina and a clitoris from the sensitive skin of the penis. The operation took about three and one half hours and required the cooperation of four surgeons.

"The pain was so much I asked for death. Imagine having a hole drilled from one side of you to the other," Miss Gonzalez commented.

After the operation Miss Gonzalez's doctor recommended that she have sexual relations. "The first time I had sex I bled 'cause I was still raw. The man was so happy. I was the first virgin he'd ever had."

Miss Gonzalez has visited her family in Springfield as a woman. They have come to grips with her situation. "My sisters got married and let themselves get fat. When I go home I give them tips on make-up and exercises. I don't take being a woman for granted."

Most recently, Miss Gonzalez has worked as a receptionist and for an exclusive escort service which provides suitable companions for foreign dignitaries.

She believes the public has been misled with respect to transsexualism. "Renee Richards is a bad example. She looks like a drag queen." She hopes that "Let Me Die a Woman" will clear up the public's misconceptions.

Alicia Gonzalez is optimistic about her own future. "When the right man comes along I'd like to get married—and maybe raise cats and dogs."

Let Me Dye A Sheep

by Frank Funaro

All those interested in knitting, weaving or the purchase of inexpensive high quality wool should take special note of the existence of "Lainerie du Terroir" at 5714 Sherbrooke St. This small store, set back in a corner of a small courtyard, offers all of these, as well as the help its friendly proprietor Judy Adelman.

Initially interested in opening a store which provided good wool at low prices, Adelman soon expanded the concept of her "lainerie", so that she now sees its purpose as threefold: the sale of wool, the sale of her own woven goods, and a place to teach weaving to others. These three things, she believes, makes her store unique in the Montreal area.

The atmosphere of the store is warm and inviting. Skilns of

different colour wool hang from the walls, along with ponchos and wall hangings of varying patterns, all for sale at reasonable prices.

The store also becomes the scene of weaving lessons after normal hours. Judy teaches eight week courses to beginners, who meet for two hours each week. For \$95 one learns the basics of weaving and also becomes the owner of his or her own loom. For more advanced weavers, Adelman offers an eight week course for \$60, where one can explore the more technical aspects of weaving.

For Judy Adelman, who has been weaving for five years and is largely self-taught, The "Lainerie du Terroir" is a dream come true. In highlighting how her store differs from other woolstores in the area, she

makes the analogy of "a health-food store to a grocery store." The emphasis is on personal contact and helpful cooperation.

Judy encourages people to come in and look around. Anyone desiring a custom made poncho, placement or wall hanging need only drop in and pick out the pattern and colours and Judy will be happy to accommodate them.

Students seeking to arrange group lessons in weaving during the weekend are also encouraged to drop in or call Judy at 487-1757. The Lainerie du Terroir opens Tuesday through Saturday at 11:30 a.m. and closes at 6 p.m. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, 8:30 p.m. on Fridays and 4 p.m. on Saturday. The store is closed on Sunday and Monday.

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THEATRE

Stratford Celebrates 26th Year

by Leor Margulies

The Stratford Shakespearean Festival is celebrating its twenty-sixth and most ambitious season this year, with sixteen productions on three stages. Over the past several years the Festival has grown in scope and commercial and artistic success.

Much of the Festival's success can be attributed to the tireless efforts of artistic director Robin Phillips. After taking over the reins from an ailing Jean Gascon in 1975, Phillips increased the number of productions as well as the proportion of Shakespearean content, which is the foundation of the Stratford Festival. He revitalized the Festival with his Young Company, while attracting some of the world's finest actors and actresses. His plans for building a new Young Company and constructing the Stage One annex to the Avon Theatre were to get underway this year. The latter will contain new rehearsal space, a theatre school and a television studio.

Although on sabbatical next year, Phillips will oversee

planning and casting for the 1979 season as well as ensuring that top international directors will be hired to direct the productions for next season.

As for the 1978 season, twelve productions were performed upon the Festival and Avon Stages, while four plays, three of them by Canadians, were featured on the Third Stage. This experimental theatre was reopened to the public after being closed for the past two years. As well, five concerts were held starring the likes of Dan Hill, Oscar Peterson and Bruce Cockburn. Such an ambitious undertaking was bound to have its share of successes and failures. However, the overwhelming majority of the plays fell into the former category. Commercially, the Festival will probably experience one of its best seasons, judging by the number of sold-out performances.

The Festival's two foreign imports, Maggie Smith and



Brian Bedford, figured prominently in several productions. Unfortunately for the many theatre-goers planning to return next season, this was to be their last year at the Festival. It is no coincidence that the two highlights of the

season - *Private Lives* by Noel Coward and Shakespeare's *As You Like It* - featured those two members of the company.

The magical chemistry between the two actors which was first evident in last year's successful production of *The Guardsman* is once again present in *Private Lives*. In it they play the roles of Amanda and Elliot, a divorced couple who meet five years later in adjacent hotel rooms while on honeymoon with their respective new spouses. It was this hilarious play which had people camping out at midnight, in a desperate attempt to obtain the few rush seats available the day of each performance. Apparently the complete run had been sold out even before its opening in early July.

In the repeat of the 1977 hit production of *As You Like It*, Smith and Bedford were once again excellent as the winsome Rosalind and the melancholy Jaques respectively. The play itself is one of Shakespeare's best loved comedies, and the production received fine treatment all around. The music in particular, by Berthold Carrière, was instrumental in creating the magical and romantic mood of the forest where most of the action takes place. Jack Wetherall, who has graced Montreal stages several times, turned in a solid performance as Rosalind's youthful lover.

The surprise hit of the season was unquestionably the Stratford premiere production of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* which, incidentally, was Brian Bedford's directorial debut. The play is one of Shakespeare's early works and one that is rarely performed.

Two plays which proved to be disappointments were *Julius Caesar* and *The Winter's Tale*. *Caesar* turned out to be a slow, tedious performance which never seemed to reach a climax. It was continuous darkness without any humour to lighten the heavy atmosphere. Even Antony's famous speech to the crowd where he artfully turns the mob against Brutus never achieves the high drama it out to. *The Winter's Tale* on the other hand, though a commendable production, does not gel very well in its 19th century setting.

Overall, Stratford's twenty-sixth season offered something for everyone, from Leonard Bernstein's musical version of Voltaire's *Candide*, to Larry Fineberg's *Medea*, as performed on the Third Stage. The Festival has maintained its high standard of theatrical excellence while attempting several daring and exciting productions of new and rarely-produced plays. It will be interesting to see what direction the Festival will take without Robin Phillips at its helm and several of its international stars on its stages. However, its stable of fine local actors and actresses will all be returning next year, possibly along with another well-known British actress, Glenda Jackson.

The 1979 season has not been announced yet, but given its past track record, one can be sure that early reservations

will be a must once more. The 1978 season will run until October 14, and is well worth a visit for anyone seeking the best in classical and modern theatre.

Parachute Misses Mark

by Chris Pomiecko

Written initially as a creative writing project for a class at McGill, David Fennario's *Without A Parachute*, a diary of his life in Point St. Charles, initiated Fennario's career as an author and writer of four plays. The piece, adapted into dramatic form by Fennario and members of the Group of Four Theatre Company, is currently playing at the Centaur Theatre.

An apparently random selection of vignettes from Fennario's life, the play blends the facile comedy and often mawkish drama. Beginning with one scene of the author's home life, it progresses through his unsuccessful escapades in finding work, satirizes himself and friends during the "cool sixties", and ends with his registration as a mature student at Dawson college.

A quote from the programme gives the viewer an idea of the play's accomplishments and shortcomings: *Without A Parachute* is not merely the biography of one person. It is the concern of five actors, a director and a designer for the statement this man was making in his work. What is emphasized in this play is not a dramatic statement as a whole, rather the character studies which the actors create in their multiple roles.

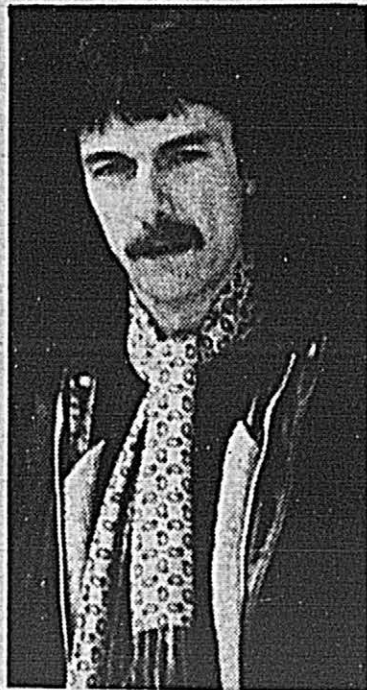
Without A Parachute succeeds more often in its comedy

sections than in those dramatic. Fennario's sketches of the sixties—a yoga class at Dawson College ("Wow man, you're messing up my head space"), hitchhiking to Toronto with a persistent harmonica player, a group of friends playing a Group Encounter game—begin to form a coherent and affectionate satire of this era. This idea, however, is abandoned for a more personal and subjective direction, when Fennario returns to describing his quest as an artist.

As a dramatic character, Fennario, played by Bob Barnard, is too low-keyed to be a focus. Barnard is not given a chance to develop the role in much depth, because of the play's form—short situations interspersed with readings of creative writing. What emerges, probably due to the close collaboration between author and actor, is a collection of mannerisms.

Lack of depth also plagues the other characters, although Ernest Piltong and Marié-Claire LeGault etch memorable cameos in the comic sense.

The set and lighting, designed by Lucie Beaudoin and Alex Gazale respectively, complemented the multiple scenes of the play. Simple props were placed in different areas of a black stage, and the lighting shifted the audience's attention from one scene to another. The



David Fennario, author and subject of *Without A Parachute*.

mechanics and the direction of Gaetan Charlebois allowed the play to flow smoothly.

In *Without A Parachute*, the subject seeks to defeat the playwright. It is very difficult to write about oneself with enough objectivity to convey any overall message to the audience. Though it falls as a play of any substance or direction, *Without A Parachute* in several places offers seminal character studies for one.

FILM

!Extra!

by Gerry Turcotte

Bonnie is a tall, attractive person who, for a few fleeting seconds, knew fame. She was set fire, almost, in a ceremonial scene and was immortalized while crossing a street.

Actually Bonnie is a McGill student, as well as an extra in the up-coming disaster movie, *City On Fire*, a job which came to her by chance. Usually, in order to be a "background" one must become a part of an Extra's Guild, pay dues, and wait.

In Bonnie's case, she and a small group of people were recruited from their jobs at the Negro Community Centre. After being photographed they were contacted and asked to be at a certain place. There they would be met, and transported to the East End of Montreal, where one of the most elaborate sets awaited its destruction by fire.

It was there that glamorous myths concerning "The Movies" began to fade. "We all had to sit in a bus and wait for

them to call us," Bonnie told me, indicating that she learned more about Backgammon, Rummy 500, and Chess than she did about the process of making movies. The food served consisted of chicken liver, cinnamon rolls, and coffee, a meal which, after having to rise at four in the morning, they little appreciated.

The fact that there are extras jobs available in Canada is partly due to our sagging dollar, which attracts movie-makers to film here. The number of extras in Canada, however, is nowhere near the American total of three thousand plus, and while the profession is evidently less restricted here, the pay unfortunately is not. The U.S. offers a little over fifty dollars a day to extras (with maximum work day of 8 hours) while Canadian extras are paid minimum wage and are sometimes expected to work (or wait) up to twelve hours. In Bonnie's case she was required to work a total of twenty-one hours covering a

period of 3 days.

One of the things which Bonnie particularly enjoyed was experiencing, first hand, the enormous complexity and artificiality of "Hollywood Magic" as in the impressive false city front erected for the film's climax.

The ceremonial scene proved to be the most exciting part of the filming, although that, in itself, was low-keyed, slowed by endless retakes, and tedious preparation for the explosions

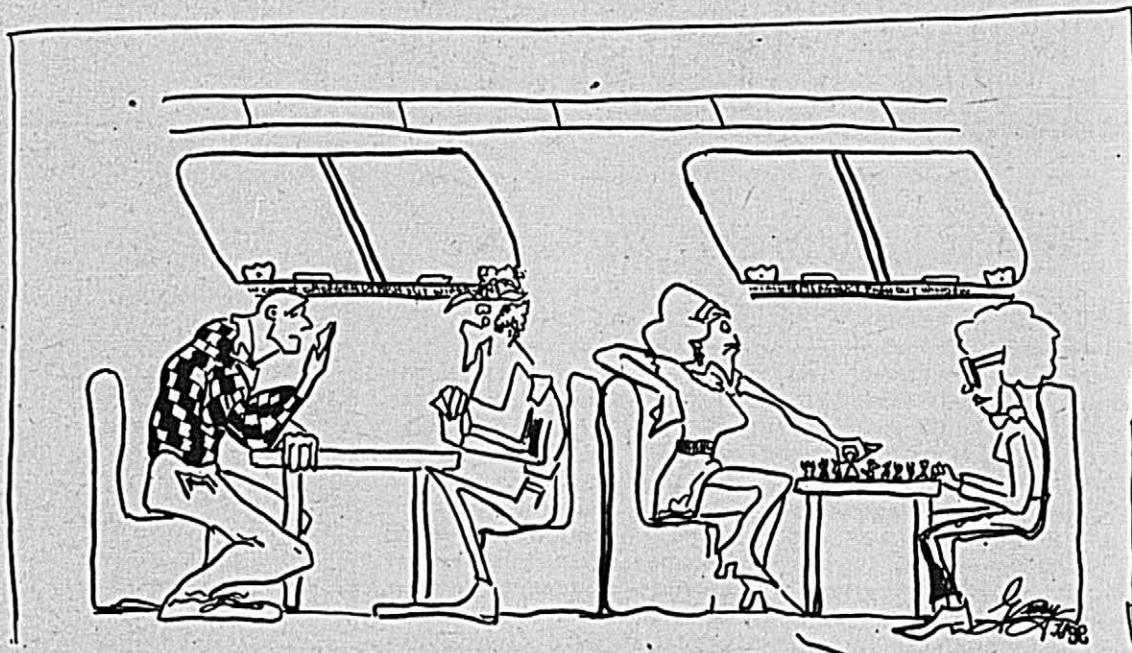
which were to rip the hall apart. Bonnie told me that she was apprehensive about doing the bombing scene. At one point a cinder from a burning prop landed on her blouse forcing the studio to reimburse her for its full cost.

Among the instructions she received from the staff were, "Always act naturally," "Never look at the camera," though Bonnie admitted to me, "You're always aware that the camera is in front of you, behind you and

at your side."

While there Bonnie did get to glimpse several top-name stars such as Leslie Nielsen, Barry Newman, and Johnathan Welsh. Susan Clark and Shelley Winters had completed filming before she was employed.

Perhaps the most important clue to being an extra is getting work, something which often proves to be a great deal harder than first imagined. For example, in the States where the greatest number of extras are employed, the average salary for full-timers is \$8,000 a year for females and \$12,000 a year for males. It is no wonder that most extras go to such great pains to hide their faces while on camera. After all, they cannot be expected to play in a restaurant scene if they are recognized as having been interns in the same movie, one scene before. Aside from the low salary they receive, extras are expected to pay close to seven hundred dollars in dues in addition to yearly fees. Furthermore, being an extra does not automatically ensure fame—in fact, Bonnie is not even certain whether or not she will appear on film. Ah well! That's Show Biz.



Last Tango At McGill

by Zev Robinson

Last Tango in Paris, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, and starring Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider, was a "break-through" movie when it was first released in 1972, in that it was erotic without being pornographic.

The movie details a relationship which Brando attempts to keep emotionless, the irony and brutality is stunning and thought-provoking. Brando uses the affair as an escape. At his insistence, the two know nothing about each other, not even one another's names. His fantasies are lived out, but reality soon catches up.

Although some of the scenes were controversial five years ago, they are relatively tame compared to those in many recent movies. What upset a lot of moviegoers was the convincing way *Last Tango* raises questions about role-playing in sexual relationships in the context of society. The movie shocked many people by tearing apart myths.

The acting is superb, especially considering the difficulty of the roles. Marlon Brando's performance of a down-and-out hotel owner is flawless, the

viewer feels the pain and emptiness of the character.

Maria Schneider, in her first major film role, does a good job of not being drowned out by the power of Brando. Jean-Pierre Leaud plays a lesser, (but no less important) role as Schneider's boyfriend.

Without the high-quality performances *Last Tango in Paris* might have been reduced to an artsy porno flick. As it is, the acting makes the movie a convincing work of art.

Director Bernardo Bertolucci is a neo-realist whose other works have included *Before the Revolution*, *The Conformist*, and most recently, *1900*. *Last Tango* is by far his best-known, and most commercially successful work.

The camera moves and glides using light and shadows in combination with color and patterns to set the mood and tone very effectively. The end result is an important and beautifully-made movie worth seeing if only as an examination, in a strange and unusual manner, of a topic which is part of everyone's life.

Last Tango in Paris will be screened by the McGill Film Society this Saturday (September 23) in the Leacock Building, Room 132, at 7 and 9 p.m.



After Heaven?

by Gerry Turcotte

Heaven Can Wait is now number two on the box-office charts and, not surprisingly, is still going strong. Warren Beatty's romantic comedy is a light, charming, and hilarious fantasy which brings together a pool of talented actors and a score of pleasing, if not always brilliant, performances.

Heaven is based on a Harry Segal novel and the screenplay was co-written by Elaine May, and Warren Beatty who also produced, directed, and starred.

Basically, *Heaven* is the story of a star quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, Joe Pendleton, who is prematurely removed from a car accident by an apprentice-escort from

heaven. Unable to accept his death, he refuses to leave the way-station and head for heaven. A Mr. Jordan, James Mason, investigates and discovers that he was not supposed to die for another fifty years. So, they decide to return him to his body, which has unfortunately been cremated.

Beatty, it turns out, must settle for the body of a ruthless millionaire industrialist who has been murdered by his wife and his personal aide, and what follows is an amusing, and somewhat confusing escapade incorporating several body changes, a romantic involvement with a fiery school teacher, Julie Christie, another murder, intermittent shots of football scrummages, and

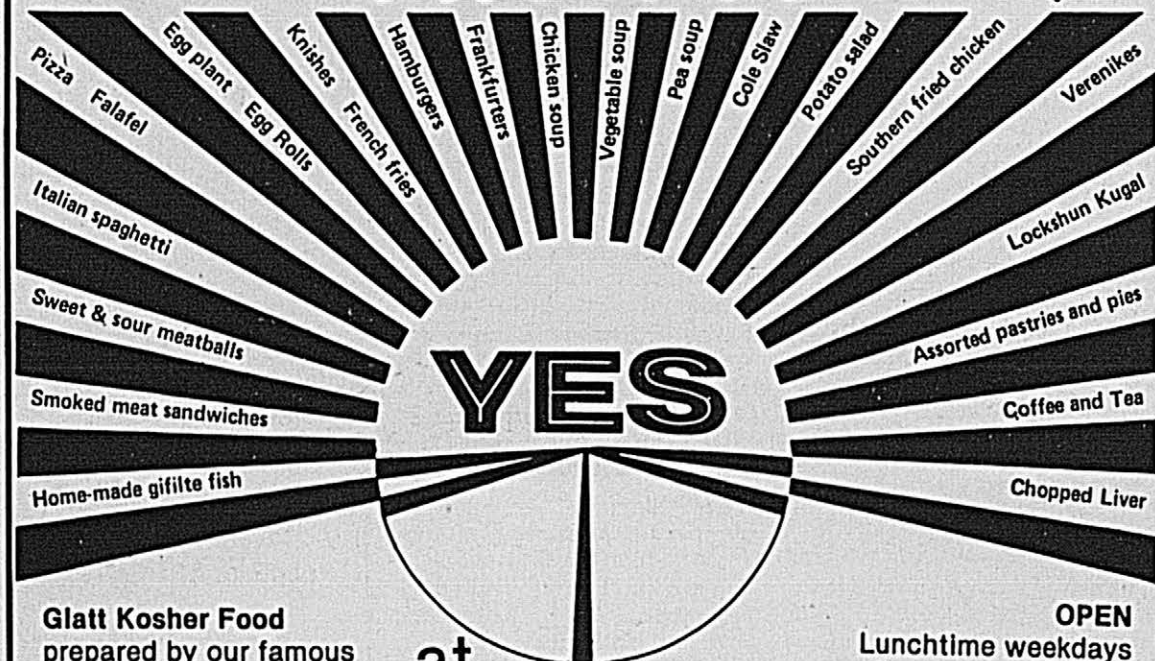
comedy...especially comedy.

The most dynamic aspect of the movie is its simple, easy-going unpretentiousness, and its hallmark is a double *tour-de-force* ending which is both tender and optimistic as well as sad and disappointing.

The other actors include Dyan Cannon, Charles Grodin, Buck Henry, and Vincent Gardenia. Aside from its good cast and script, *Heaven* also boasts one of the most beautiful sky scenes on film and a Concorde which would pass airport inspection and acceptance anywhere in the world.

Heaven Can Wait is definitely one of the most enjoyable movies you will ever see and is a refreshing change from the usual parade of crime and violence.

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Sunday, Sept. 24th

at Bishop Mountain Hall (The residence)

Showings at: 7:45 & 10:00

Admission: \$1.00

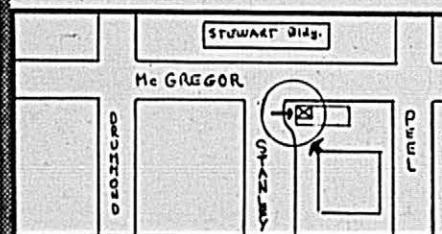
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Come and watch the
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Carleton Ravens**

a battle for football supremacy
in the O-QIFC East Section

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, at 7:30 p.m.
MOLSON STADIUM

Save your ticket stub or show your season
pass and get in **FREE** to the
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in the
Currie Gym
Right after the game till??
Beer will be served!!

Admission to the game for
McGill Students - \$1.00
Public - \$2.00

Admission to the Disco
if you do not go to
the game is \$1.00

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David Taras—V.P. Arts—392-8950, 12-5pm
or leave your name and phone number
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"NEVER IN CANADA", EH?

PITY!



Pity, if you will, the majority of those Canadians who choose to use marijuana as their recreational drug, but can't afford to go on junkies to exotic places to keep from being harassed and arrested.

Or, pity the 100,000 Canadians who have experienced the personal tragedy of being branded a criminal and living with the consequences. AFTER the government promised to rectify the bureaucratic bungling that grouped a mild, euphoric herb with dangerous, harsh and addicting drugs over fifty years ago.

But, pity indeed, the overburdened taxpayer that has to pay the bill for enforcement of Canada's antiquated marijuana laws. The cost has soared into the millions.

If these facts evoke anger instead of pity, we wouldn't be at all surprised, because there are a lot of Canadians who are angry about the situation and would like to try to do something about it. RIGHT NOW!!!!!!

NORMIE CANADA

McGill Debating Union

COME NOW! TODAY
WORKSHOP Room 107
Union Bldg. 3480 McTavish



Classifieds...

continued from page 2

Today

Savoy Society:

Auditions will be held tonight between 7 and 9 for Savoy Society's march production of the Gilbert & Sullivan comic opera *Iolanthe*. No experience required, anyone who wants to come and help with costumes or sets is also welcome. Room 302 in the Union.

McGill Outing Club:

Interested in the mass hiking trip? Sign up now at the MOC office, rm 407, Student Union.

Law Faculty:

The Hon. Norman Cafik, federal Minister of State for Multiculturalism, will speak on the topic: "After Helsinki and Belgrade—International Human Rights: a Canadian Perspective." 8 pm, Moot Court, 3644 Peel Street.

Faculty of Music—free concerts (unless otherwise stated):
Pollack Concert Hall, 555 Sherbrooke St. W. 8:30 pm. Yuli Turovsky, cello, Dale Bartlett, piano. Bach: Solo Suite in d minor. Sonatas by Shostakovich, Debussy, Franck, in collaboration with the CBC.

McGill Badminton Club:

If you enjoy recreational badminton there is a place for you on the McGill Badminton Club (MBC). Everyone welcome to join. Meeting tonight at 7 pm in

348 Lost & Found

LOST: Delicate silver bracelet lost in vicinity of Milton St. or Leacock and Arts Bldg. Much sentimental value. Call Cindy at 738-5078.

354 Notices

3rd International Congress of Medical Sexology to be held in Rome Oct. 25th to 28th. For further information call 392-5115-18

gyms 3 & 4 at Currie Gym. Equipment provided. For information call Suzette at 277-6197.

Greenpeace McGill:

Interested in Ecology? Looking for a direction in which to expend your energies? Why not come and talk to us tonight at our open meeting, room 310 of the Union, form 8 to 10 pm. All welcome!

Synchro practice & team try-out:

Today starting at 6:30 pm at Weston Pool, 555-B Sherbrooke St. W. Info: Call Gerry Bubrule 392-4544.

Israeli Dancing:

ere it is folks! Starting all over again. Great fun and exercise. Tonight (and every Thursday). **Beginners:** 7 pm. **Advanced:** 8:15 pm. Union Ballroom; only \$1.00 per lesson. Call 845-9171.

Holiday or Holyday?:

How do you see the difference? The individual's approach to "Yom Tov". 3 pm, McGill Hillel, 3460 Stanley St.

McGill Student Zionists:

First meeting of the year. Come and help us organize. Get active in films, lectures, publications, and discussion groups.

Political Science Students' Association Open Meeting:

Informal gathering of the PSSA Executive at 4:30 pm. All political Science students and anyone interested in political

science are urged to come and discuss this year's activities. Room 435-426 Student Union. Go through the back doors.

Sociology students:

All sociology students (honours, majors and anyone taking a sociology course) are invited to the inaugural meeting of the sociology students association. We will be discussing plans and ambitions for the coming year as well as establishing an executive committee. Today 3 pm. L738.

CONFERENCE on the struggle of the People of ARGENTINA

with **MARIO RODRIGUEZ**

member of the Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist) of Argentina, and trade union militant.

Thurs. Sept. 21
4 PM.

(Concordia)

(Sir George)

Rm 520

1455 de Maisonneuve W.

McGill Athletics

Instructional Program

Registration—Friday, September 22, 17:30
475 Pine Avenue West—Currie Gym

CASH ONLY: NO 'registering for someone else' allowed

Martial Arts AIKIDO—\$6	Tues. 20:00-22:00 Fri. 15:00-17:00
JUDO—\$6	Mon. & Wed. 17:30-20:30
KARATE—\$6 Kenkoku (Beg) (Coloured Belts)	Mon. & Wed. 18:00-19:30 Mon. & Wed. 19:30-21:00
Samurai (Beg) (Coloured Belts)	Mon. & Wed. 8:10-9:40 Tues. & Th. 8:10-9:40
Shotokan	Tues. & Th. 16:00-17:30
TAE KWON DO—\$6	Wed. 15:15-16:45 Fri. 17:00-18:30
WENDO—\$4	Sat. 10:00-12:00
Dance BELLY DANCE—\$4	Mon. 14:30-15:30 Mon. 15:30-16:30 Fri. 13:00-14:00 Fri. 14:00-15:00
DISCO DANCE—\$3	Thurs. 17:30-18:30 Thurs. 18:30-19:30 Wed. 17:00-18:00 Wed. 18:00-19:00 Fri. 15:00-16:00 Fri. 16:00-17:00
JAZZ DANCE—\$6 (Beg) (Int)	Mon. & Wed. 19:30-21:00 Mon. & Wed. 21:00-22:30
MODERN DANCE—\$6 (Beg) (Int)	Mon. & Wed. 16:15-17:45 Mon. & Wed. 18:00-19:30
SOCIAL DANCE—\$5	Mon. 18:30-18:00 Tues. 18:30-20:00 Tues. 20:00-21:30 Thurs. 19:30-21:00
TAP DANCE—\$4 (Beg)	Mon. 19:00-20:30 Thurs. 19:00-20:30
Various YOGA—\$4 (Beg)	Tues. & Thurs. 17:00-18:00 Tues. 18:00-19:00 & Thurs. 17:00-18:00
(Int. & Adv.)	Mon. 17:00-18:30 & Thurs. 18:00-19:30
GYMNASTICS—\$5	Mon.-Wed.-Fri. 17:00-18:45
SKATING—\$6 (Adv) (All levels)	Tues. 8:00-9:45 Tues. 14:30-16:30 Thurs. 14:30-16:30 Sat. 9:30-11:30

GET FIT—\$3	Mon.-Wed.-Fri. 8:10-9:00 Tues.-Thurs. 8:10-9:00 Tues.-Thurs. 12:10-13:00 Tues.-Thurs. 17:10-18:00
GOLF—\$2	Tues. 12:00-13:00 Thurs. 12:00-13:00 Sat. 10:00-11:00 Sat. 11:00-12:00
CURLING—\$4	Sat. 13:30-14:30
CONDITIONING & WEIGHT TRAINING (Women)—\$3	Mon.-Wed.-Fri. 8:15-9:00
ARCHERY—\$3	Tues. & Thurs. 12:00-1:00
WEIGHT TRAINING (Men)—\$2	Tues. & Fri. 17:30-19:30
FENCING—\$5 (Beg) (Int)	Tues. & Thurs. 18:30-19:30 Tues. & Thurs. 19:30-20:30
Racquet Sports BADMINTON—\$2	Tues. 16:00-17:00 Thurs. 15:00-16:00 Sat. 10:00-11:00 Sat. 11:00-12:00
SQUASH I—\$2	Tues. 9:15-10:00 Tues. 10:00-10:45 Thurs. 13:45-14:30 Thurs. 14:30-15:15 Sat. 9:15-10:00 Sat. 10:00-10:45 Sat. 10:45-11:30 Sat. 11:30-12:15 2 more sections T.B.A.
SQUASH II—\$5	Tues. 14:30-15:15 Tues. 15:15-16:00 Thurs. 14:30-15:15 Thurs. 15:15-16:00
TENNIS I—\$2	Mon. 13:00-14:00 Tues. 12:00-1:00 Tues. 13:00-14:00 Tues. 14:00-15:00 Tues. 15:00-16:00 Wed. 13:00-14:00 Thurs. 12:00-1:00 Thurs. 13:00-14:00 Fri. 11:00-12:00
TENNIS II—\$25 (Beg) (Int) (Adv) (Int)	Fri. 13:00-15:00 Fri. 15:00-17:00 Fri. 15:00-17:00 Wed. 15:00-17:00

AQUATICS

(C.-Currie; W.-Weston)

Red Cross Program Beginners—\$4	Thurs. 19:00-20:00-C Tues. 19:00-20:00-C Mon. 13:30-14:30-W
Juniors—\$4	Tues. 20:00-21:00-W Wed. 13:30-14:30-W
Intermediate—\$4	Tues. 20:00-21:30-W Wed. 13:30-15:00-W Mon. 20:00-21:00-C Wed. 20:00-21:00-C
Senior—\$4	Mon. 20:00-21:00-C Wed. 20:00-21:00-C Thurs. 20:00-21:30-W
R.L.S.S. PROGRAM Lifesaving I, II, III—\$4	Mon. 19:00-20:00-C Fri. 13:30-14:30-W
Bronze Medallion—\$4	Mon. 18:00-20:00-C Thurs. 20:00-21:30-W Fri. 13:30-15:00-W
Bronze Cross—\$4	Wed. 18:00-20:00-C
Award of Merit, Distinction & Diploma—\$4	Wed. 20:00-21:30-W Thurs. 20:00-21:30-W
VARIOUS Leaders & Instructors—\$4 + exam fee	Screen Test, Wed. Sept. 27 13:00 at WESTON POOL
Springboard Diving—\$3	Tues. 19:00-20:00-C Thurs. 19:00-20:00-C
Swim Fit—\$3	Tues. & Thurs. 15:30-16:30-C
Acquacises—\$3	Mon. & Wed. 20:30-21:00-W
S.C.U.B.A.—\$2 + \$60	Fri. 18:30-21:30 AND Sat. 13:30-16:30-C (Screen Test Fri., Sept. 29)
Synchro Stars 1, 2, 3—\$3	Mon. 18:30-19:30 AND Wed. 19:30-20:30-W
Synchro Stars 4, 5 (Adv.)—\$3	Mon. 19:30-21:00 AND Wed. 19:30-20:30-W
Learn to Swim—\$3	Tues. 19:00-20:00-C Thurs. 19:00-20:00-C
Stroke Improvement—\$3	Tues. 20:00-21:00-C Thurs. 20:00-21:00-C